

HIS QUEST.

What seek'st thou at this madman's pace?
"I seek my love's new dwelling place.
Her house is dark, her doors are wide,
There bat and owl and beetle bide,
Add there, breast high, the rank weeds
grow,
And drowsy poppies nod and blow,
So mount I swift to ride me through
The world to find my love anew.
I have no token of the way;
I haste by night, I press by day,
Through busy cities I am borne,
On lonely heights I watch the morn
Climb up the east, and see the light
Of waning moon gleam thwart my flight
Sometimes a light before me flees;
I follow it, till stormy seas
Break wide before, then all is dark.
Sometimes on plains, wide, still, and stark,
I hear a voice; I seek the sound,
And ride into a hush profound.
To find her dwelling I will ride
Worlds through and through, whate'er be-
tide."

To find her dwelling rode he forth,
In vain rode south, in vain rode north;
In vain in mountain, plain, and mart
He searched, but never searched his heart.
—L. Frank Tooker.

THE WISH-RING.

A young farmer who was very un-
lucky sat on his plow a moment to rest,
and just then an old woman crept past
and cried: "Why do you go on drudg-
ing day and night without reward?
Walk two days till you come to a great
fir-tree that stands alone in the forest
and overtops all other trees. If you
can hew it down, you will make your
fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice re-
peated, the farmer shouldered his axe
and started on his journey. Sure
enough, after tramping two days, he
came to a fir-tree, which he instantly
prepared to cut down. Just as the tree
swayed, and before it fell with a crash,
there dropped out of its branches a nest
containing two eggs. The eggs rolled
to the ground and broke, and there
darted out of one a young eagle and
out of the other rolled a gold ring. The
eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment,
and when it reached the size of a man,
it spread its wings as if to try its strength,
then, soaring upward, it cried: "You
have rescued me; take as a reward the
ring that lay in the other egg: it is a
wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice,
and whatever your wish is, it shall be
fulfilled. But remember there is but a
single wish in the ring. No sooner is
that granted than it loses its power and
is only an ordinary ring. Therefore,
consider well what you desire, so that
you may never have reason to repent
your choice." So speaking, the eagle
soared high in the air, circled over the
farmer's head a few times, then darted,
like an arrow toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it
on his finger, and turned on his way
homeward. Toward evening he reached
a town where a jeweler sat in his shop
behind a counter, on which lay many
costly rings for sale. The farmer
showed his own, and asked the mer-
chant its value.

"It isn't worth a straw," the jeweler
answered.

Upon that, the farmer laughed very
heartily, and told the man that it was a
wish-ring, and of greater value than all
the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing
man, and so he invited the farmer to
remain as his guest over night. "For,"
he explained, "only to shelter a man
who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and
fair words; and that night, as the far-
mer lay sound asleep, the wicked man
stole the magic ring from his finger and
slipped on, in its place, a common one
which he had made to resemble the
wish-ring.

The next morning the jeweler was all
impatience to have the farmer begone.
He awakened him at cock-crow, and
said: "You had better go, for you
have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed,
the jeweler closed his shop, put up the
shutters, so that no one could peep in,
bolted the door behind him, and, stand-
ing in the middle of the room, he
turned the ring and cried: "I wish in-
stantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great, shin-
ing gold pieces came pouring down
upon him in a golden torrent over his
head, shoulders, and arms. Pitiably
he cried for mercy, and tried to reach
and unbar the door; but before he suc-
ceeded, he stumbled and fell bleeding
to the ground. As for the golden rain,
it never stopped till the weight of the
metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler
and his money sank through to the cel-
lar. The gold still poured down till the
million was complete, and the jeweler
lay dead in the cellar beneath his treas-
ure.

The noise, however, alarmed the
neighbors, who came rushing over to
see what the matter was; when they
saw the man dead under his gold, they
exclaimed: "Doubly unfortunate he
whom blessings kill." Afterward, the
doors came and divided the property.
In the meantime, the farmer reached
home in high spirits and showed the
ring to his wife.

"Henceforth we shall never more be
in want, dear wife," he said. "Our
fortune is made. Only we must be
very careful to consider well just what
we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered
advice. "Suppose," said she,
"that we wish for that bit of land that
lies between our two fields!"

"That isn't worth while," her hus-
band replied. "If we work hard for a
year, we'll earn enough money to buy
it."

So the two worked very hard, and at
harvest time they had never raised such
a crop before. They had earned money
enough to buy the coveted strip of land
and still have a bit to spare. "See,"
said the man, "we have the land and
the wish as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested
that they had better wish for a cow and
a horse. But the man replied: "Wife,
why waste our wish on such trifles!
The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

Sure enough, in a year's time the
money for the horse and cow had been
earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his
hands. "The wish is saved again this
year, and yet we have what we desire.
How lucky we are!"

But now his wife seriously adjured
him to wish for something at last.
"Now that you have a wish to be
granted," she said, "you slave and toil,
and are content with everything. You
might be king, emperor, baron, even a
gentleman farmer, with chests over-
flowing with gold; but you don't know
what you want."

"We are young and life is long," he
answered. "There is only one wish in
the ring, and that is easily said. Who
knows but sometime we may sorely
need this wish? Are we in want of
anything? Have we not prospered, to
all people's astonishment, since we pos-
sessed this ring! Be reasonable and
patient for awhile. In the meantime
consider what we really ought to wish
for."

And that was the end of the matter.
It really seemed as if the ring had
brought a blessing into the house.
Granaries and barns were lucky to over-
flowing, and in the course of a few years
the poor farmer became a rich and
portly person, who worked with his
men afield during the day, as if he, too,
had to earn his daily bread; but after
supper he liked to sit in his porch, con-
tented and comfortable, and return the
kindly greeting of the folk who passed
and who wished him a respectful good-
evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes,
when they were alone, the farmer's wife
would remind her husband of the magic
ring, and suggest many plans. But as
he always answered that they had
plenty of time, and that the best
thoughts come last, she more and more
rarely mentioned the ring, and at last
the good woman ceased speaking of it
altogether.

To be sure, the farmer looked at the
ring, and twirled it about as many as
twenty times a day; but he was very
careful never to wish.

After thirty or forty years had passed
away, and the farmer and his wife had
grown old and white-haired, and their
wish was still unasked, then was God
very good to them, and on the same
night they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren
surrounded the two coffins; and as one
wished to remove the ring from the still
hand as a remembrance, the eldest son
said: "Let our father take his ring into
the grave. There was always a mystery
about it; perhaps it was some dear re-
membrance. Our mother, too, so often
looked at the ring—she may have given
it to him when they were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the
ring, which had been supposed to be a
wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought
as much good fortune into the house as
heart could desire.—[Anna Eichberg, in
St. Nicholas for October.]

The Pride of the Regiment.

Although not pertaining to the writ-
er's own personal recollections, there
yet may appropriately be introduced
here some brief mention of another
pet, who, from being the "pride of his
regiment," gradually arose to the dig-
nity of national fame. I mean "Old
Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wis-
consin volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first
conceived the idea, it was certainly a
happy thought to make a pet of an
eagle. For the eagle is our national
bird, and to carry an eagle along with
the colors of a regiment, on the march
and in battle, was surely very appro-
priate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield
which was carried by a soldier, to whom,
and to whom alone, he looked as to a
master. He would not allow anyone to
handle or to carry him except this sol-
dier, nor would he ever receive his food
from any other person's hands. He
seemed to have sense enough to know
that he was sometimes a burden to his
master on the march, and, as if to re-
lieve him, would occasionally spread
his wings and soar aloft to a great
height, the men of all the regiments
along the line cheering him as he went
up. He regularly received his rations
from the commissary, the same as any
enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat
was scarce and none could be found for
him by foraging parties, he would take
things into his own claws, as it were,
and go out on a foraging expedition
himself. Sometimes he would be gone
two or three days at a time; but he
would invariably return, and seldom
came back without a young lamb or a
chicken in his talons. His long ab-
sences occasioned his regiment no con-
cern, for the men knew that, though he
might fly many miles away, he would
be quite sure to find them again.

At Jackson, Mississippi, during the
hottest of the battle before that city,
"Old Abe" soared up into the air and
remained there from morning till the
fight closed at night, having greatly en-
joyed, no doubt, his rare bird's-eye
view of the battle. He did the same at
Mission Ridge. He was, I believe,
struck by the enemy's bullets two or
three times, but his feathers were so
thick that his body was not much hurt.
The shield on which he was carried,
however, showed so many marks of the
enemy's balls that it looked on top as if
a groove-plane had been run over it.
At the Centennial Exposition, held in

Philadelphia in 1876, "Old Abe" occu-
pied a prominent place, on his perch,
on the west side of the nave in the Agri-
cultural building. He was still alive,
though growing old, and was the ob-
served of all observers. As was but just
and right, the soldier who had carried
him during the war continued to have
charge of him after the war was over,
until the day of his death, which occu-
rred at the capital of Michigan two or
three years ago.—[From "Recollections
of a Drummer-boy," by Harry M. Kief-
fer, in St. Nicholas for October.]

Tame Butterflies.

A lady living in London writes in the
"Open Letters" of the October Century:
"In the Century for June, 1883, Mr.
Gosse describes a monument in which
the sculptor has carved a child holding
out her hand for butterflies to perch on.
He goes on to say that this was criti-
cised as improbable, even by so exact
an observer as Mr. Tennyson. It may
therefore be of some interest to your
readers to record the following facts
from my personal experience:

"One summer I watched the larvae of
the swallow-tailed butterfly through
their different stages, and reserved two
chrysalides to develop into the perfect
insect. In due time one of these fair-
like creatures came out. I placed it in
a small Indian cage made of fine threads
of bamboo. A carpet of soft moss and a
vase of flowers in the center made a
pleasant home for my tiny "Psyche." I
found that she greatly enjoyed a repast
of honey when some was placed on a
leaf within her reach, she would uncoil
her long proboscis and draw up the
sweet food with great apparent enjoy-
ment. She was so tame that it became
my habit, once or twice a day, to take
her on my finger; and while I walked
in the garden she would take short
flights hither and thither, but was al-
ways content to mount upon my hand
again. She would come on my finger
of her own accord, and, if the day was
bright, would remain there as long as I
had patience to carry her, with her
wings outspread, basking in the sun-
beams, which appeared to convey ex-
quisite delight to the delicate little crea-
ture.

"I never touched her beautiful wings.
She never fluttered or showed any wish
to escape, but lived three weeks of
tranquil life in her tiny home; and then
having, as I suppose, reached the limit
of butterfly existence, she quietly ceased
to live.

"On the day of her death the other
butterfly emerged, and lived for the
same length of time. Both were equal-
ly tame, but the second showed more
intelligence, for she discovered that by
folding her wings together she could
easily walk between the slender bars of
the cage; and having done, she would
fly to a window and remain there, bak-
ing in the sun, folding and unfolding
her wings with evident enjoyment, until
I presented my finger, when she would
immediately step upon it and be carried
back to her cage."

The Mosquito at Close Quarters.

Viewed through the microscope the
mosquito presents a picture of mechan-
ical ingenuity as marvelous in execu-
tion as it is devilish in design. In the
bill alone, which seems so fragile to the
unaided sight, there is a combination of
five distinct surgical instruments. These
are, a lance, two meat saws, and a
suction pump. The fifth instrument I
have forgotten, but labor under the im-
pression that it is a portable Coriass
engine to run the rest of the factory with.
I know that the hum of the mosquitoes
in the cottonwood thickets along the
lower Mississippi reminded me con-
stantly of the hum of a manufacturing
village, and several times I walked
back several miles looking for a
town, before I could convince myself
that the buzzing I heard was made by
mosquitoes, with their engines running
to sharpen their saws. When the in-
sects operate on a man, the lance is
first pushed into the flesh, then the two
saws, placed back to back, begin to
work up and down to enlarge the hole.
Then the pump is inserted, and the vic-
tim's blood is syphoned up into the re-
servoir, carried behind, and finally, to
complete the cruelty of the performance,
the wretch drops a quantity of
poison into the wound to keep it irri-
tated.

How Jay Gould Reciprocates.

When Jay Gould was in the tanning
business up about Stroudsburg, at a
place called Gouldsboro, he was not so
well off as he is now. One day, hap-
pening to be in Stroudsburg, he bought
a suit of clothes, which he needed very
much, only to find that he did not have
money enough to pay for it. In his
dilemma the wife of the local innkeeper
—a woman, by the way, far above her
station—came to the rescue and guar-
anteed the payment of the tailor's bill.
In time Gould paid it. And now every
year the innkeeper's wife, whose grown-
up children have scattered to the four
corners of the country, receives passes
over all the Gould railroads in order
that she may visit them. I have every
reason to believe this a fact. Let us
give the devil his due.

Proof Against Water and Insects.

It is said that the oil of white birch
bark dissolved in alcohol will render
fabrics water-proof and insect-proof
without injury to the material.

"I always call her my dear wife,"
said Mr. Jenkins, "and I mean it. You
ought to see the bills come in."

When a young man kisses a girl and
calls it heaven, it shows plainly that he
doesn't know any more about heaven
than a gosling knows about Beethoven's
sonatas.

The Cilley-Graves Duel.

Washington, September 21.—Now
for the true story of the causes leading
to the Cilley-Graves duel of 1838. That
was a good while ago, but the truth has
been locked up ever since in a musty
old corner of the postoffice department,
and the truth is ever new. In 1838
Ruggles was a New England senator
and chairman of the senate committee
on postoffices and post roads. Cilley
and Graves were members of the house.
James Watson Webb was publishing the
Courier and Enquirer in New York.
Matthew L. Davis was writing letters to
it from the capital as its "Spy in Wash-
ington." I guess his instructions were
to make them "spicy." All these peo-
ple, with the exception of Ruggles, were
young and hot-headed. One day a New
England Jonathan came to Washington
with an improved mail bag. He went
to see old Amos Kendall Green, then
postmaster-general, whose name is kept
fresh in the Washington mind by Ken-
dall Green, the pleasant little park where
stands the Columbian institution for the
deaf and dumb. Kendall thought the
new mail bag wouldn't work, and he
told Brother Jonathan so. Very much
discouraged, Jonathan was about to
leave for home in disgust, when a friend
suggested that he call on Chairman
Ruggles, of the senate committee on
postoffices and post roads, and see if he
could not get him to carry through
congress a bill directing the postmaster-
general to use the mail bag he had con-
demned. Ruggles listened to his elo-
quence, looked at his mail bag and re-
fused to take charge of his bill. He
agreed with the postmaster general.
The new invention wouldn't work. That
night the inventor told his story to a
sympathizing crowd of loungers in the
lobby of his hotel. The cynic of the
crowd remarked, when the inventor
had finished: "You went at Ruggles
the wrong way. He didn't want to hear
your eloquence; he wanted to see your
money. Why didn't you show him
\$500? That's the sort of a bill he
wanted to see." The inventor murre-
dured his regret that he had not known his
man, and then sorrowfully took himself
home. In a day or two a small portion
of the story of his visit to Washington,
highly spiced with many reflections on
Ruggles in the style of the hotel lobby
cynic, appeared in the Washington let-
ter of the New York Courier and En-
quirer. Cilley, who was not otherwise
concerned than as a personal friend of
Ruggles, denounced the statements in
the Courier and Enquirer on the floor
of the house as absolutely false. There-
upon, James Watson Webb sent Graves,
the Kentucky congressman with a chal-
lenge to Cilley. The latter declined to
receive a challenge from the man who
had printed such a story about his friend.
"Then you must fight me," said Graves.
So he did. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia,
being second for Graves, and George
W. Jones, of Iowa, second for Cilley.
Cilley was killed, and congress passed
the stringent anti-dueling law which
ever after restrained the hot bloods of
the capital.

Contest With a Deer.

Last Friday Edward Enderly was
over on Plum creek hunting plums.
He was standing on the bank of the
creek on a little eminence about ten
feet above the water when his hounds
suddenly started a deer, which ran by
into the creek and began to mount a
steep bluff on the opposite side of the
stream. In its fright and haste the
deer missed its footing and fell back
into the creek just below where Mr.
Enderly was standing. Mr. Enderly
sprang down about ten feet and lit on
the deer's back and commenced a bare-
fisted contest for some venison. There
was quite a fight and it was uncertain
for sometime whether the deer or the
man would be victorious. It was a
buck with heavy antlers. Part of the
time the deer was on top and then the
position would be reversed. After a
dangerous and terrific struggle, with
the help of his dogs, Mr. Enderly suc-
ceeded in downing his buckskin and by
holding his nose under the water
drowned him. Mr. Enderly was con-
siderably bruised and pounded up and
had a good suit of clothes pretty
thoroughly ventilated and it is remark-
able he escaped being killed. The buck
was a large one and dressed 90 pounds.

Improve the Kitchens.

The question is, what shall be done to
the kitchen to make it bright and at-
tractive, and the suggestions given are
intended partially for country kitchens,
which seem to be very often the thor-
oughfare, if not the resting-place for
the family. Vines, of course, would be
in the way in the summer, and at that
time they are not needed so much, as
the kitchen doors are frequently draped
with honey-suckles or morning-glories
on the outside, as well as the kitchen
windows. But in the winter, when it
is cold and cheerless outside, and the
graceful vines have turned into brown,
dead-looking stalks, try to have some-
thing green and fresh in the kitchen.
Train a vine, if only a sweet-potato
vine, on one of the windows, and be-
sides, having eaved all the empty cans
from canned fruit or vegetables, paint a
couple of them red; have two holes bored
in each near the top, through which to
run the strings, by which they are to
be suspended over the window. In one
plant, "Wandering Jew," or a Tradescan-
tia, so easy to grow from slips, and
which will soon run on the sides, mak-
ing it a thing of beauty; and in the
other, which must be necessarily full of
water, lay an old sponge or piece of
white cotton, over which sprinkle flax
seeds thickly, keeping the cotton moist
where they are sown. In two or three
weeks these will sprout, and the cotton
will be covered with a beautiful green
mossy looking growth.

Save the old kitchen chairs; cut off
the broken backs close to the seats, also
the lower part of the legs, to make
a convenient or comfortable height.
Then make a bag the size of the seat, of
some old ticking or other material, and
stuff it with fine shavings or slivered
hicks, and after nailing it securely on
the seats, cover with bright cretonne
or chintz. The former can be bought
for twenty or twenty-five cents a yard,
and would be forwarded from a city
store on sending the order, and giving
an idea of the ground color wanted.
Two or three plain leaf-fans painted a
bright red would decorate the wall very
prettily. If the edges are worn, they
can be bound with some material of the
same color. The lower part of the
dresser would look well, if, instead of
being covered with the usual pieces of
scalloped newspapers, it were covered
with a strip of crash towelling, the ends
fringed out, and hanging down about a
quarter of a yard or so, and the center
ornamented with a large letter in red
cotton or worsted embroidery.—[S. M.,
in American Agriculturist for October.]

The Importance of Fewer Acres.

If ten acres of land cost \$100, and if
they produce \$10 worth of crops they
are paying ten per cent. on the invest-
ment, just as much as if \$100 had been
loaned at the rate of 10 per cent. inter-
est. Now, there is no man who would
think of living on the interest of \$100
loaned at even this high rate, out in-
stances are not rare of men making a
good living for themselves and their
families from the careful cultivation of
ten acres of land. We mention this
fact to prove that the two frequent ex-
pression that "farming does not pay"
is not in accordance with fact. There
is no other business in which a man
would attempt with \$100 to support a
family. Yet still there is truth in the
remark, so far as it is applicable to
farming as it is carried on in some sec-
tions of the country. If a man invests
\$1,000 in 100 acres of land and makes
only ten of them, or \$100 worth, avail-
able, he cannot expect to derive a profit
from the other ninety acres, any more
than he could expect an interest upon
\$1,000 when he had only \$100 of it in-
vested. Our position is that land actu-
ally cultivated pays a better interest on
the money invested than any other ven-
ture. The farmer cannot expect idle
acres to yield him a revenue any more
than he can idle dollars. Unfortunately,
the farmer of the northwest has, as a
general thing, nine acres of idle land
where he has one productive one, and
the one productive acre is expected to
pay the interest on the price of the
wholen. Extraordinary management
would be necessary to make this kind
of farming pay.

Insanity Among Sheep-Herders.

H. H., who writes in the October
Century of the "Outdoor Industries in
Southern California," says: "Sheep
ranches are usually desolate places; a
great stretch of seemingly bare lands,
with a few fenced corrals, blackened
and foul-smelling; the home and out-
buildings clustered together in a hollow
or on a hillside where there is water;
the less human the neighborhood the
better."

"The loneliness of the life is of itself
a silent objection to the industry. Of
this the great owners need know com-
paratively nothing; they can live
where they like. But for the small
sheep-men, the shepherds, and, above
all, the herders, it is a terrible life—
how terrible is shown by the frequency
of insanity among herders. Sometimes,
after only a few months of the life, a
herder suddenly goes mad. After
learning this fact, it is no longer possi-
ble to see the picturesque side of the
effective group one so often comes up-
on suddenly in the wilderness—sheep
peacefully grazing, and the shepherd
lying on the ground watching them; or
the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy,
billowy scamp up or down a steep
hillside, with the dogs leaping and
barking on all sides at once. One
sees the shepherd's face alone, with
pitying fear lest he may be losing his
wit."

Rescued Lads.

Five days after the disastrous earth-
quake at Casamicciola two youths aged
17 and 18, were taken out alive from
the ruins of a demolished house. They
were in a room on the ground floor,
and the floor of the room above being
sustained by a chest of drawers and a
sewing machine—one of the lads was a
tailor—had confined them, as it were,
in narrow cavities of a few square feet.
The day before their rescue a photo-
graph of this particular heap of ruins
had been taken, and the men below
heard the noises above them, and called
out in vain. The next day a brother of
one of them, who had escaped, began
digging in the search for the body of
his father. He heard a voice from be-
low, and the engineers, after working
for six hours, brought out the first of
the survivors. Fortunately, the two
lads had within their reach a quantity
of fruits, tomatoes and a bottle of vine-
gar, and with these they had sustained
life, though exposed to the stench of a
decomposing body in the same apart-
ment. The first boy rescued told that
there was another person alive, and the
work was resumed. In a couple of
hours his head was uncovered and res-
tatives administered. One of his
feet was fast under a beam, and that
had to be cut in two before his rescue
was effected. The youth first rescued
aided in the search and rescue of his
companion in misfortune, having en-
tirely recovered from the effects of his
confinement, but the other had to be
removed to the hospital in an exhausted
condition.